

COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Clerk & Register	D. London
Treasurer	G. M. F. Davis
Sur. Attorney	J. O. Hadley
Judge of Probate	Taylor
C. C. Commissioner	
Surveyor	N. E. Britt
Coroners	W. H. Sherman
Supervisors	S. Revell
Grove Township	O. J. Bell
South Branch	Ira H. Richardson
Kawas Creek	W. Batterson
Maple Forest	J. J. Coventry
Grayling	R. S. Babbitt
Frederickville	J. A. Barker
Bull	Chas. Jackson
Center Plains	G. W. Love

# Crawford



# Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. IV.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1882.

NO. 32.

## MASONIC NOTICE.

Regular communication of Grayling Lodge No. 330 at Masonic Hall in Grayling on Thursday evenings—on or before the full moon at 8 o'clock sharp, until Sept. 20th; after Sept. 20th to March 20th, 7:30 o'clock.

G. M. F. DAVIS, W. M.

ADELBERT TAYLOR, Sec.

W. M. WOODWORTH,

Physician and Surgeon,

GRAYLING, MICH.

U. S. Examining Surgeon for Passengers.

Graduate of University of Mich. 1858.

Office with A. H. Swarthout.

Residence with A. J. Rose.

Office hours from 9 to 12 n. m.

MAIN J. CONNINE,

Attorney at Law,

GRAYLING, MICH.

W. A. MARTINS, NOTARY PUBLIC—Con-

tracts, Mortgages, etc., etc.

J. Maurice Finn,

NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY

Clerk and Register,

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT.

ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Business in adjoining counties solicited.

Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Art.

GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,

COUNTY SURVEYOR

OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

Surveying in all of its branches, in-

cluding leveling, promptly attended to.

GRAYLING, MICH.

Michigan Central Railroad.

SAGINAW DIVISION.

Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

Saginaw &

STATIONS. Mail. Bay City Ex.

Chicago,Leave. 9:10 a.m. 9:00 a.m.

Jackson. 7:00 a.m. 4:15 p.m.

Rivers Junction. 7:25 a.m. 4:40 p.m.

Mason. 7:55 a.m. 5:10 p.m.

Holt. 8:07 a.m. 5:25 p.m.

Lansing. 8:20 a.m. 5:35 p.m.

North Lansing. 8:25 a.m. 5:40 p.m.

D. & M. Crossing. 9:23 a.m. 6:35 p.m.

Ososso. 9:28 a.m. 7:00 p.m.

Chesaning. 10:00 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

St. Charles. 10:15 a.m. 7:45 p.m.

Paines. 10:40 a.m. 8:10 p.m.

Saginaw City. 10:55 a.m. 8:25 p.m.

North Saginaw. 11:05 a.m. 8:35 p.m.

F. & P. M. Cross. 11:10 a.m. 8:40 p.m.

Zilwaukee. 11:20 a.m. 8:50 p.m.

West Bay City. 11:45 a.m. 9:12 p.m.

Bay City, Arrive. 11:55 a.m. 9:20 p.m.

SOUTHWARD.

Jackson Express. Mail.

STATIONS. Mail. Bay City, Leave. 7:00 a.m. 5:25 p.m.

West Bay City. 7:08 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Zilwaukee. 7:35 a.m. 6:00 p.m.

F. & P. M. Crossing. 7:45 a.m. 6:15 p.m.

North Saginaw. 7:48 a.m. 6:20 p.m.

Saginaw City. 7:58 a.m. 6:30 p.m.

Paines. 8:10 a.m. 6:45 p.m.

St. Charles. 8:30 a.m. 7:10 p.m.

Chesaning. 8:45 a.m. 7:30 p.m.

Owosso. 9:20 a.m. 8:00 p.m.

D. & M. Crossing. 9:23 a.m. 8:23 p.m.

North Lansing. 10:20 a.m. 9:20 p.m.

Holt. 10:25 a.m. 9:25 p.m.

10:38 a.m. 9:35 p.m.

Mason. 10:30 a.m. 9:50 p.m.

Rivers Junction. 11:20 a.m. 10:20 p.m.

Jackson, Arrive. 11:45 a.m. 10:45 p.m.

Chicago, Arrive. 7:40 p.m. 7:30 p.m.

All trains on Saginaw Division daily except Sundays. Connecting trains leave Chicago 9 a.m. daily except Sundays, and 9 p.m. daily except Saturdays. Wagner Sleeping Cars on night trains.

MACKINAW DIVISION.

NORTHWARD.

STATIONS. Mail. Exp. Freight.

Bay City. D. 8:30 a.m. 9:45 a.m. 9:00 a.m.

W. Bay City. 8:25 9:50 9:10

Kawasawa. 8:40 10:05 9:30

Terry's. 9:00 10:25 10:05

State Road. 9:35 10:30 11:05

McGowen. 10:10 11:25 11:55

Brash. 10:30 12:00 12:30

Wells. 11:30 12:30 12:45

West Branch. 12:05 1:15 1:30

Shoemaker. 12:15 1:45 1:50

Vanderbilt. 1:07 2:02 2:05

Grayling. 1:25 2:35 2:40

Otsego Lake. 1:30 2:40 2:45

Gaylord. 1:35 2:45 2:50

Marquette. 1:30 2:40 2:45

Indian River. 1:45 2:55 3:00

Cheboygan. 1:55 3:05 3:10

Mackinaw City. 1:00 2:55 3:00

GRAYLING. D. 12:05 1:20 1:30

Chemey. 12:25 1:35 1:45

Bozeman. 1:35 2:45 2:55

St. Helens. 1:45 2:55 3:05

McBain. 2:20 3:30 3:40

Standish. 2:35 3:45 3:50

Pinckney. 3:40 4:50 5:00

Terry's. 3:55 5:05 5:15

Keweenaw. 4:30 5:55 6:00

Bay City. 4:35 5:50 6:00

All trains daily except Sundays. E. C. BROWN, Ass't General Supt.

Jackson.

F. L. WHITNEY, Ass't Gen'l.

Pass and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

H. B. LEEDY, Gen. Mgr., Detroit.

O. W. KELLY, Gen. P. & T. and

Packet Agt., Chicago.

W. C. VAUGHN, Supt., Mackinaw

## THE SENATORSHIP.

ten is indisputably good.

It would be amusing if it were not regarding to read the comments of the State press in regard to the election of United States Senator to succeed Hon. T. W. Ferry, whose term of office expires with the present term.

The so-called "organs" of Messrs. Ferry and Hubbard, whom they consider the principals in the contest, seem to have lost their ordinary intelligence and content themselves with filling their columns with bitter invective and vituperation toward the candidates they oppose and laudation of their favorite.

Do the gentlemen imagine that such a course will have any effect on the legislature just elected, unless it be to place them squarely in opposition to both the gentlemen, as parties to these tides which are a disgrace to American journalism and to the American people?

Do these editors imagine that the members whose votes will elect the Senator have given no thought to the subject that they know nothing of the work which has been done by the two gentlemen whose cause they eventually champion or oppose?

Do they think the State legislature knows nothing of the needs of the hour, and are entirely unacquainted with the people of Michigan who, if called to Senatorial service, would represent the will of their constituents?

Do they wonder that these gentlemen have any mind of their own and belief in any virtue, or if they are personally subject to political bosses whose will is law and whose political principles are bound by the one word, self?

And in the midst of their terrible cries of falsehood and wrong toward the other side, does not the people know, if their opponent should be elected, those who now howl the loudest would be among the first to come whining around for crumbs that will fall from the pontifical table?

In the parlance of the street, "Give us a rest," for without doubt the people of Michigan will be satisfied with the action of the representatives of their choice, who, if thought best after full consideration, may decide to reelect Mr. Ferry, or to place in his chair Hon. Jay A. Hubbell, or select some other gentleman for the position. Be the decision what it may, we have faith in the honor and integrity of the Republicans of the State and fear not for the final result.

## ILL-TIMED ADVICE.

Friend DeLand, of the Saginaw Herald, and a few other Republican editors who might be mentioned, are allowing personal spite to get the better of their reason in their discussion of the Senatorial question, and are paving the way for a bitter factional fight. The condition of the Republican party in New York and Pennsylvania ought to be a sufficient warning, so far as dissensions are concerned, but there are a few persons who cannot profit by the experience of others, and are never satisfied until they and their friends are dashed about in a leaky boat on the same kind of tempest-tossed sea.

It is not the purpose of the Republican to specially notice the columns of battle which have already been launched, and are but the off-shoots of the disgraceful attack which appeared in the bogus Grand Army journal against one of Michigan's Senators some months ago; but there is one assertion which needs to be denied. It is claimed that Gov. Jerome's defeat was compassed by the treachery of Senator Ferry and his followers.

The Republican does not yield the palm to any journal in Michigan for stanch support to Gov.

# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

## BABY'S PORTRAIT.

BY CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.

After long years—  
Years and years—  
Where will the baby's picture be?  
Who will those dainty dimples see?  
P. in love so fair,  
Cuddled with care,  
Up in some corner tossed aside.  
No one to care with love and pride,  
Name never told;  
Cobwebbed and rusty, musty and old,  
There shall it mold?

A few these tears—  
Tears and tears—  
Some little child shall find that face,  
Full of all tender beauty and grace,  
And eagerly say—

That far-off day—  
Say to another young and fair,  
Seeking her darling on the stair,

"Oh, my sweet—  
Who can this little baby be?  
So pretty, like me?"

Nothing but dust—  
Dust to dust!

"Look, what a pretty red dress so fine,  
Such funny feet an' wee shoes like mine!"

The mother will sigh,  
And softly reply:

"Ah, my precious, we do not know;

Som' little one out of the long ago;

For years have fled

Since mother-love wrought the dross of red,

And all are dead!"

All we trust—  
Trust and trust—

And dream and flutter for a day,

As if we had so long to stay;

And laugh and weep,

And treasures keep;

And have loved pictures on the wall,

Though time shall surely cover all;

But once up there,

Mother and child, grown wondrous fair,

What shall we care?"

## A CHRISTMAS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Christmas is a delightful season in Christian lands, especially when the balance of presents and dinners is in one's favor, and the tin-horn crop among the children has been a failure. Very different is Christmas in heathen lands, where the uses of the stocking are unknown, and Christmas-trees are hung with unfortunate travelers and unappreciated missionaries instead of glittering and showy presents. Think of Christmas in the region of the North pole, where the night lasts for six months, so that even the ablest of the Esquimaux cannot distinguish Christmas eve from Thanksgiving night, nor Christmas morning from Washington's birthday or Decoration day! Even more depressing is Christmas in Central Africa, as a distinguished English traveler once discovered to his mingled sorrow and danger.

The traveler was a good and noble man. He was engaged in discovering fresh lakes, new kinds of cannibals and original sources of the Nile, in the to do good to the human race, and to prove that the maps made by other travelers were all wrong. He had been three years in the Dark Continent, and, having suffered incessantly from fever, starvation, the rude embraces of lions and elephants, the bites of deadly serpents and the cruelties of native Kings, was nearly worn out. He arrived late one afternoon on the shore of a mighty lake, which no other white man had ever seen, and which was at least 500 miles distant from any of the various localities in which European map-makers had previously placed it. He lay down under the shadow of the trees, faint with all the various things that predispose a man to be faint in Central Africa, but exulting in the thought that he would compel the map-makers to place Lake Mjambwe where he wanted it, and not where they selfishly imagined it would present the most picturesque appearance. Suddenly he remembered that it was the 23rd of December, and that Christmas-eve would naturally arrive in the course of the next two hours. The thought saddened him. He glanced at his bare feet—for his supply of stockings had long since given out—and he thought of the happy homes in England, where the children were preparing to hang up their mothers' largest stockings, while he must spend the blessed Christmas season among savage heathen and untrained animals. He felt at that moment that he would give his new lake for an hour in his English home, and he covered his face with his hands and sobbed himself asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. The woods were vocal with parrots who incessantly remarked, "Polly wants a cracker," and estriches and other tropical birds, each singing at the top of its voice. On the bosom of the lake floated immense native canoes bearing parties of excursionists, the music of whose accordions and banjos came over the water to the weary traveler. He was hungry, and felt in his pockets for his quinine pills, but they were all gone. He tried to rise to his feet, but he was too weak and rheumatic to rise without help, so he sank back, murmuring, "Tis ard, ard indeed, to die on Christmas, among the heathen."

The sound of women's voices roused him. Three native women, clad only in the "sets" and "pombo" worn by their sex in that part of Africa, emerged from the forest on their way to draw water from the lake. They saw the traveler, and one of them, moved with compassion, sang in a low, mournful voice: "The poor white trash done come to Africa. He hasn't no mother to cry for him, nor no wife to send to the store with a jug."

Enfeebled as he was the traveler knew that this was wrong, for he had

read "Mungo Park's Travels," and he could not help remarking: "You women can't sing that song as it ought to be sung."

"Sing it yourself, then," retorted the singer in a cold, heartless way, and therupon the women passed on, and left the wretched white man to perish.

The cruelty of the women made the traveler so indignant that he resolved to make one tremendous effort for life. He managed to rise, after painful exertions and the use of many scientific terms, and hobbled slowly toward a native village, about a quarter of a mile away. He had scarcely reached it when he was seized by two gigantic cannibals and dragged to the King's palace, where he hoped that either death or breakfast, he did not much care, awaited him.

The palace consisted of one large room with an enormous throne extending entirely across one end of it. On this throne sat twelve native Kings in a row, each one with a musical instrument in his hand. The one who sat in the middle looked fiercely at the traveler, and demanded of his captors what was the charge against him.

"Poor white trash, Mr. Johnson," briefly replied the largest of the two cannibals.

"Mr. Jones—I should say, prisoner," began the King, "what do you say for yourself?"

"I am a white man," replied the traveler; "but I haven't had any soap for years, so I plead hexamutating circumstances. Besides, I am ungry. Will you not give me some breakfast?"

The King's face grew bright with rage for it could not grow any darker than it was—and he turned to his brother Kings, and conversed with them rapidly in the Mjambwe tongue. They were evidently discussing the fate of the traveler, for presently the middle King cleared his throat, and said:

"Prisoner, you have forfeited your life, but we are disposed to be merciful. You ought properly to be baked alive, and afterward eaten, but we shall pronounce a lighter sentence. You will listen attentively while we sing the opening chorus and the favorite plantation melodies, and you will guess every conundrum and laugh at every joke. Say I not wisely, Brother Jones?"

A unanimous "Yah! Yah!" from the other Kings expressed their warm approval.

"No! no!" cried the traveler in an agony of fear. "Give me some little how. Burn me, if you will, but do not torture me on this oily Christmas morning with your awful songs and conundrums. I've heard them all at once."

And in his desperation the wretched man fell on his knees before the native King who had pronounced the dreadul sentence. That monarch, indignant beyond measure, raised his hand over the head. "The white earth seemed to reel, and the doomed white man became unconscious.

When he regained his senses he found himself sitting on the shore of the lake where he had sat the night before. A young man neatly dressed in European clothes stood before him and remarked, in a graceful way, "Mr. Jones, I hear."

"And you are Mr. Smith, I dessay," replied the traveler. "Ave you got anything to eat with you?"

The young man had been sent to find

the traveler. He had with him all sorts of stores, including canned plum-pudding, and boned turkey. As he drew the traveler's arm in his, and assisted him to the place where breakfast was awaiting them, he said, "I wish you a merry Christmas!"

It was the merriest Christmas the traveler had ever known, and when he returned to England with more new lakes and two private sources of the Nile, he said that all his honors could not give him back the delight which he had known during his last Christmas in Central Africa after awakening from his terrible dream of the twelve native Kings. —W. L. Alden, in Harper's Magazine.

**THE GOOSE AND THE HARE.**

A Hare which was running away from pursuit came to a stream, and was hesitating about making the plunge, when a Goose alighted near him and inquired:

"Pray, what is the matter, to put you such a tremble?"

"I am pursued by the dogs!"

"Oh! that's it? Well, the dogs won't touch me."

"But they will soon devour my meat unless I cross the stream. Please give me a lift on your back."

"You should have been born with less legs and more wings," chuckled the Goose, and she flew away and left the Hare to get across as best he could.

A few days subsequently the Hare was crossing a meadow, when the Goose came running and fluttering and cried out:

"For never sake! aid me to escape!"

"What's the trouble with you?"

"I am pursued by a man, who seeks my quills and feathers, and unless you help me away I am doomed."

"Oh! that's it? Well, I have no quills or feathers to lose!"

"But you will help me to get away?"

"You should have been born with less wings and more legs!" replied the Hare, and off he galloped.

Moral: It's a long lane which has no turn.

A NEBRASKA man, describing oysters in the shell, said: "They're an inside out sort of thing, and the pits are the best part of them."

## OLD STATIONERY.

Curious Facts Relating to Ancient Writing Materials.

(From Gentleman's Magazine.)

Is it not strange in these days of cheap stationery to think of a time when both parchment and papyrus had become so rare and so exorbitantly expensive that both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of using palimpsest, which was simply some old manuscript with the former writing erased? Thus countless works of authors now celebrated, and whose every word is held priceless in this nineteenth century, were ruthlessly destroyed by their contemporaries. Verily, those prophets lacked honor! Many were the expedients resorted to by the early scribes for the supply of writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereupon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but the heaps of broken pots and crockery of all sorts, which are so abundant in all Eastern towns, prove the first suggestion for such chima tablets and slates as we now use, and bits of smooth stone or tiles were constantly used for this purpose.

Fragments of ancient tiles thus inscribed on such tiles as will even Ezekiel was commanded to portify, the city of Jerusalem) have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than 100 specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. How little those scribes and accountants foresaw that it would be of value to posterity!

"Empty is the Cradle," and a few other Gems of Melody that would make a man feel like committing Murder, her father said that perhaps she had better quit, as he didn't care about having the Patrol-Wagon making useless trips on such a cold night.

Lucy made no reply to this remark of her Father's, but only slammed the music down pretty Hard, probably to show what she could do in case she should ever Get Real Hot. Then she began to play the Piano, starting in with the "Battle of Prague." When she had finished the piece her Papa went across the Room to where his eldest son was sitting and handed him Fifty Dollars.

"Why, Papa," said Lucy, "what are you giving James all that money for?"

"Your brother bet me Fifty Dollars," he replied, "that you would Knock Out the Piano in the First Round, and I am giving up the Bundle."

Then Lucy began to cry, and said that her Father and Brother were Nasty Horrid Things. But they only laughed at her, and when she had gone upstairs her Papa said to James: "Let us open a small bottle."

Men are very Curious Creatures, children. They will frequently open a Small Bottle, and then go home and tell their Wives that times are too hard to buy a new Bonnet. But sometimes these men Lose Their Grip, and turn up about Thirteen or Fourteen o'clock at night, having had to Hire a Hack to get home in, and then somebody gets a Seal-skin Sacque.

I think it serves them Right. Don't you agree with me, children?—Chicago Tribune.

**THE MANUFACTURE OF BOY-KILLERS.**

A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier, who has been visiting a cigarette factory in Richmond, describes the process of manufacture as follows:

"Mounting to the third floor we were ushered into a room about fifty feet square, filled with boxes of tobacco, a school-room, at which about 200 girls mostly from 15 to 20 years old, are busily at work. These girls are all rolling cigarettes of the brand known as 'Old Rip.' Each has a certain quantity of tobacco weighed out to her twice a day, for which she must return a certain number of cigarettes. The rapid

time, talkin' to you about Dickson and gettin' the whisky, but when I come you don't know anything about it. Fill up this bottle anyhow, capen. I don't want the gang to guy me."

The girls turn out these boy-killers is something quite astonishing. The work is done entirely by hand. The papers used are placed on the table before them in packages of about 200, when by a lot of sleight of hand they are shoved or drawn one from the other, so as to leave a slight space at the edge of each sheet projecting from beneath the next one above it, like the blocks of a pyramid. A paste-brush drawn across these edges gums the whole package at one stroke. Then one paper is being taken up at a time, a pinch of tobacco in front of the worker is dropped upon it; it is then whisked under a piece of linen paper about four inches square, one side of which is fast to the table; this is folded over the cigarette, and by one or two quick slidings back and forth of this paper the cigarette is formed. Some gum each one as it is formed. A good roller will make 2,000 per day. The girls are paid by the piece, making from \$2.50 to \$7. per week."

**AN AUSTIN HOG RANCH.**

Little Johnny Fizzletop, on account of his mouth, has become the terror of his parents when company is invited to the house. One of the wealthiest and most fashionable ladies in Austin recently took tea at the Fizzletop mansion. As Johnny had promised to behave himself like a Christian, he was permitted to grace the supper table with his presence. He sat opposite to the lady visitor, who could not help remarking what a quiet, well-behaved little boy he was. His parents were also much pleased that he had said or done nothing to bring them into disgrace, but they whistled before they were out of the woods. The meal was about to close, when the hostess said, "Do have something more," urged

Mrs. Fizzletop of the visitor, "to take another saucer of my peach preserves."

"Now, mamma, that ain't fair. When I ask to be helped twice to preserves, you always say I am a hog, and here you want this strange woman to take a third plate. That's no way to run a hog ranch!"—*Texas Siftings*.

**UNTIMELY JEALOUSY.**

A young man in an Illinois town stepped into a church door a moment one Sunday while the services were going on, and the smart minister saw him and shouted: "Go out, young man; she is not here." The young man was embarrassed for a moment, and then, re-

mbering the several ministerial scandals that were in the courts, he said loud enough for all to hear him: "Yes she is, you old duffer; you have got her hid behind the organ, and you want to go home with her yourself!" The minister blushed and said the services would close by singing the doxology.—*Milwaukee Sun*.

**WENT TOO FAR.**

A tramp printer, while passing a drug store, heard a gentleman remark to the druggist that he was the exact picture of Charles Dickens. The printer saw at a glance that the druggist was flattered, and immediately settled upon a plan by which he would be relieved of the painful necessity of "striking the bartender."

Pretty soon the printer returned, and stepping into the drug store said to the proprietor:

"Excuse me, sir, for addressing you, but in passing your house I could not help but notice a striking resemblance between you and the late and famous Charles Dickens, whose manuscript I have many a time set up. The sight of your face in a moment turned upon me a flood of recollections in relation to the great novelist."

So she sat down at the Piano and began to sing. After she had given the folks a Sample of "When the Roses Bloom Again," "Only a Pansy Flower," "Empty is the Cradle," and a few other Gems of Melody that would make a man feel like committing Murder, her father said that perhaps she had better quit, as he didn't care about having the American and English teams put together.

"Won't you be seated?" asked the druggist.

"No, I am in something of a hurry to get a pint of whisky for my sick sister."

"I have some very fine whisky here, sir."

"Yes, but as my finances are low, or rather exhausted, I am compelled to get it where I am known. Up the street here a gentleman credits me."

"I can let you have it on the same terms," said the druggist, smiling in recollection of his resemblance to Dickens. "I never have any misgivings in regard to a man whose face bears, as yours does, such indications of honesty."

The printer secured the whisky, and when he reached the "ranch," a squall room where he lived with another printer and a shoemaker, he related his experience, when they all agreed that a rich man had been discovered. For several days the first printer secured the whisky, and then the second went around and was struck with the resemblance. Finally the shoemaker's turn arrived. He was drilled carefully by the printers and cautioned, on account of his neglected literary training, not to make any ventures.

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I think it serves them Right. Don't you agree with me, children?—Chicago Tribune.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

### FOREIGN.

Officials in Ireland report a probability of great distress this winter in the districts of Sligo, Dublin, Swinford and Galway, through the short potato crop and lack of employment. Much destitution is apparent in West Clare and Connacht.

The Dublin police claim to be on the track of the Phoenix Park assassins, and are hopeful of effecting their arrest.

A telegram received at Cairo says the Soudan rebels were defeated with great loss, and the False Prophet taken prisoner.

Detective Cox was fatally shot in the streets of Dublin by a man named Christopher Dowling. Detective Eastwood pursued the assassin and shot him in the head, arm and hand, and he is not expected to recover. It seems that a party of ten men had come out of a public house frequented by Fenians, when they commenced to fire on the officers.

Just after the murder of Detective Cox in Dublin, seven judges who had been dining together in Mountjoy Square passed the spot, and the police now believe the assassins lay in wait for them. A man leaped from a car in Frederick street, Dublin, in broad daylight, and inflicted fatal wounds with a sword upon Dennis Field, a juror in the case of a murderer recently executed.

A ballad named Mellon, while serving a writ in Gardner street, received a shot in the head. A mob fiercely attacked the Jerry Street Hospital, evidently with the object of removing Dolan, who killed Detective Cox, but the police scattered the rioters. Mr. Trevelyan stated in Parliament that the conflict between the police of Dublin and organized lawlessness seemed to have been inaugurated, and the Government would use all its resources to suppress disorder.

A train on the North Scotland railway fell through a bridge at Fyvie, by which fourteen persons were killed and many injured.

The French steamer Cambonne was in collision in the English Channel, resulting in the drowning of fourteen persons.

The river Rhine is higher than at any previous time within a century.

After a protracted meeting of the Irish Privy Council, it was decided to place the city of Dublin under the operation of the curfew clause of the depression act, empowering the arrest of suspicious persons found in the streets between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise.

### FINANCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL.

The condition of the money market in New York inspired Secretary Folger to order the redemption of \$10,000,000 in bonds per week without respite of interest.

A commercial agency in New York reports 157 failures throughout the United States for the week ending Nov. 23.

Great surprise was created in New York by the suspension of Charles V. Faile, who established himself in the ten trade forty years ago, and has now succeeded to liabilities of \$3,000,000.

The wild speculation in petroleum has caused the financial ruin of many gamblers, to the่องุน product. The bull forced the market up to an abnormal figure, there came a sudden drop, and, of course, there was a crash. It is estimated that trailing oil values collapsed to the extent of \$15,000,000 in one day. No such excitement as has prevailed in the Oil Exchanges of Pittsburgh and Bradford in the last three or four weeks was ever before witnessed. It rivaled pandemonium.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington reports that, by reason of a clerical error in the department, the estimate of the yield of wheat in the abstract of the Commissioners' report was 100,000,000 bushels too small. The estimated yield was 50,000,000 bushels, not 40,000,000.

Twenty-five leading clearing-houses reported exchanges last week amounting to \$1,551,759,248, a large increase over the returns of the previous week, and indicating commercial prosperity throughout the country.

It is proposed to hold a conference of bankers and bank officials in New York shortly for the purpose of considering measures to relieve the existing financial stringency.

New banker & Sons, a leading Milwaukee clothing firm, have made an assignment.

E. A. Flits & Sons, of Chicago and Marcellus, Ill., manufacturers of threshing machines, have failed. Liabilities \$20,000.

Kendall Brothers, of New York, who engage in paper stock, have made an assignment to cover liabilities of \$20,000.

Cornwall, Price & Co., paper dealers of Detroit, have made an assignment.

New York dispatches record the failure of Graham & Atkinson, dry-goods dealers, with liabilities of \$15,000,000, and of Dodge & Sinclair, rubber-goods men, who owe \$20,000.

The Canadian Pacific Rail road Company has advanced its capital stock from \$15,000,000 to \$16,000,000.

### POLITICAL.

A letter from Wayne MacVeagh to President Arthur will be a just provision to the former's retirement from the Cabinet, has been made public. It appears that on the day before the assassination President Garfield determined to appoint Riddick District Attorney at Washington and remove Corkhill, and instructed MacVeagh to see if Corkhill would accept the position.

Washington dispatches state that Public Printer Rounds is "old" with the President, and that there is no truth in the rumor that he was to be removed.

John T. Morgan has been re-elected Senator from Alabama.

W. P. Kellogg, elected to Congress from the Third Louisiana district, has been refused a certificate by Gov. McEnery, on the ground that he is not a resident of the State.

### GENERAL.

The Garfield Fair in the rotunda of the Capitol was opened by President Arthur, who made a few formal remarks expressive of his hope that the wishes of those who had inaugurated it would be realized. The fair includes an art exhibit and a bazaar, and is a very creditable exhibition.

The remains of Dr. Thechart, of Allegheny City, were cremated in the LeMoyne furnace at Washington, Pa., in accordance with his dying request.

Something of a sensation was caused in St. Louis by two young sons of Mrs. Nash, whose complexions are somewhat dark, being dismissed from a public school as being of the negro race. Mrs. Nash is going to contest the case in the courts.

Gen. Hazen, Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, predicts that the current winter will be a mild one.

### PERSONAL.

Hon. Lewis D. Campbell, ex-Minister to Mexico, and a former member of Congress from Ohio, died at his home in Hamilton, Ohio.

Thomas L. Talbot has been appointed Postmaster at Washington, vice Angier, removed.

Avon Pearson, of Chicago, has been ap-

pointed to succeed Helm as Superintendent of the Congressional Record.

Osgate Ha, of New York, was appointed Government Director of the Union Pacific Railroad, to succeed ex-Senator Spencer.

**FIRE AND CASUALTY.**

A fire in Quebec swept away Ross shoe factory and a residence adjoining, causing a loss of \$100,000.

Mrs. James Ruddy, of Scranton, Pa., rescued five of her children from a burning house and lost her life in going back for a purse of gold.

Three servants in Mrs. Lord's boarding house, at Indianapolis, were burned to death by the destruction of the kitchen.

The lower lake region was swept by a terrible storm on the 23d and 24th of November, and many vessels were lost.

Hale Forsyth, a coal miner at Bellevue, Pa., borrowed some dynamite at a quarry with which to kill fish. Ignorant of its power, he placed it in the oven in his kitchen. Soon afterward his house was blown to fragments; two children were killed and his wife was fatally injured.

Three men attempted to cross the rail-way-track at Uniontown, Pa., with a load of flour, when their mules halted. A passenger train dashed along, killing the men and utterly demolishing the wagon.

An explosion of oil tank in the Brooklyn Company's works at Green Point, Long Island, started a fire that burned \$150,000 worth of property and caused the loss of two human lives.

The extensive stove foundry of Bonnell, Duffy & Co., at Quincy, Ill., with a large amount of stock, was destroyed by fire, the loss aggregating \$10,000.

Bitter & Lyndon's paper mill, Lancaster, Pa., was wiped out by fire. Loss \$45,000.

The schooner Collingwood was wrecked during the recent gale on Lake Michigan, fifteen miles northeast of Milwaukee. The particulars of the disaster are thrilling in the extreme. Four of the crew, including the Captain, were lost. The center-board chain parted causing the board to drop down its full length. The additional strain proved too much for the old craft, which went to pieces. The sailors were left clinging in the water, and some of them went down. The three survivors had a terrible experience upon raft. One of them was rendered blind and insane, and died from the terrible exposure. They were rescued by the propeller Wisconsin, eight miles from Grand Haven.

Three men were killed by a railroad collision at Newburg, N. Y.

**CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.**

The firm of Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, wholesale boot and shoe dealers, Chicago, were robbed of \$40,000 worth of goods by a bold and powerful combination among the employees. Six traveling salesmen and seven clerks are known to be implicated.

Col. John A. Cokerelli, of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, will probably never be prosecuted for killing Col. A. W. Shuback, the Grand Jury having ignored the bill found against him.

Frank Jaes pleaded not guilty at Kanawha City to two indictments for murder and robbery. The cases will be called for trial Jan. 22 next. The prisoner was well dressed in good health, and quiet at ease.

John Mueller, of Pittsburgh, murdered his wife and then committed suicide.

Dr. John D. M. Carr, an old medical practitioner of Cleaveland, is dead.

Admiral Strong, retired, died at Columbia, S. C.

### BRIEFS.

Thurlow Weed was buried in Albany.

Hon. Lot M. Morris, of Maine, has abandoned hope of regaining his health.

Anti-Jewish riots at Oldenburg, Hungary, had to be suppressed by the military.

Gippazik, the famous Souvenir Jockey, is dead.

Admiral Strong, retired, died at Columbia, S. C.

### LATEST NEWS.

Drastic foods are reported in Germany.

General Daniel Tyler died at New York, Aug. 23.

The Canadian Pacific Rail road Company has advanced its capital stock from \$15,000,000 to \$16,000,000.

Twenty-five leading clearing-houses reported exchanges last week amounting to \$1,551,759,248, a large increase over the returns of the previous week, and indicating commercial prosperity throughout the country.

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New York dispatch

## THE AVALANCHE.

6. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling,  
Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, December 7, 1882.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

School books at the P. O.  
Read Santa Claus' advertisement.  
Fill the opera house to-morrow evening.  
The sawmill will probably shut down  
for the season, this week.

Find note paper only 10c per quire  
at the P. O.

Lumbermen are happy—just snow  
enough for perfect work and only just  
cold enough to hold it.

J. M. Finn started for new goods  
Monday morning, and they are already  
arriving by car loads.

Mr. N. Jeppson started for Denmark  
Monday. He expects to return to this  
country in about six months.

Sewing machine needles and attachments  
at the P. O.

Now is the time to advertise and tell  
the people of your special attractions  
for the holidays—let them know what  
you keep.

Remember the first literary enter-  
tainment of the season at the opera  
house to-morrow (Friday) evening—  
Reading, recitation and music.

Messrs. Roderick and Cowell re-  
turned last week from Dakota. They  
will remain the winter in this vicinity,  
when they intend to again "go west."

Headquarters for school books and  
stationery at the P. O.

Messrs. Wakely and Alger returned  
from their hunting on the Munising on  
Monday. They brought in twelve fine  
deer, a bear and a wolf, and report  
pleasant time.

Every night but one since the open-  
ing of the new hotel every room has  
been occupied and several guests ac-  
commodated with cots in the parlors.  
Hartwick must build larger.

M. E. P. Nelson, of St. Johns,  
called on us Tuesday. He, with a party  
of five others, has been on a two  
days' hunt in this vicinity. They  
had excellent success, capturing thirty-  
six.

Have you seen that new American  
Dictionary at the Post Office?

The AVALANCHE office has received  
another lot of new job type and an in-  
voice of cards, invitations, envelopes,  
paper, etc., and is now ready to receive  
your orders, which will be executed  
with neatness and dispatch.

We have received a copy of the *Five  
Lake Comet*, a spicily five-column quar-  
to, evolved from the ruins of the *Eye*.  
We welcome the *Comet*, and trust it  
may not prove erratic, but that a lib-  
eral patronage will soon make of it a  
fixed star.

Miss Lillie G. Coventry, who has  
been spending a few weeks with her  
parents in Maple Forest, returned last  
week to Ortonville, Oakland county,  
where she is making her home with an  
uncle. Her father, J. J. Coventry, accom-  
panied her.

The New York Weekly Tribune says  
in regard to the Noyes Dictionary  
Holder, manufactured by L. W. Noyes,  
99 West Monroe St., Chicago: "We  
know of but one satisfactory Holder;  
that, however, is so good that a second  
is not needed." Mr. Noyes sends to  
all applicants a handsome illustrated  
circular. Prices reduced.

Do your city papers give you home  
news? Do they contain notices of your  
churches, meetings, schools, improve-  
ments, and hundreds of other matters  
of interest which the local paper pub-  
lishes without pay? Do they say a  
word calculated to draw attention to  
your town, and aid in the progress and  
enterprise of your immediate vicinity.  
Answer these questions and then de-  
termine for yourself whether the city  
or local paper is deserving of your sup-  
port, first of all.—Ex.

WHY CROOKED.—The crookedest of  
crooked work, and yet that which has  
grace and elegance in every crook, may  
be seen in the Noyes Dictionary Hold-  
ers and Noyes Handy Tablets. In them  
the fact is clearly demonstrated that  
if the inventor has not made the crooked  
straight, he has made the straight  
crooked, and thereby increased its  
beauty and utility. People in search  
of holiday presents will appreciate his  
success. A fine illustrated circular may  
be had free by addressing L. W. Noyes,  
99 West Monroe St., Chicago. The  
prices have been greatly reduced.

The event of the season was the  
opening of the Grayling House last  
Thursday evening with a grand ball  
and supper. The opera house was occ-  
UPIED by the dancers who whirled  
away the time to delicious music till  
the "two am" hours began to grow  
large, while the hotel parlors were  
thronged by the many who found more  
delight in social communion than in  
terpsichorean festivities. The tables  
were spread with such neatness as be-  
tokened the immediate supervision of  
our hostess, and the supper was all  
that could possibly be desired. All ar-  
rangements were simply perfect and  
the large assembly uniting in wishing  
Mr. and Mrs. Hartwick long life and  
prosperity in their beautiful home.

### GRAYLING.

#### PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY.

As the year is drawing to a close we  
have a retrospective glance over it and  
allow the changes of that time to pass  
in panoramic view before our mental  
vision, and as the picture is pleasing to  
us, we will portray it faintly for our  
readers, though as we write in the soli-  
tude of our sanctum and entirely from  
memory, we shall undoubtedly omit  
much that should be mentioned.

In the opening of the year the mill  
of Salling, Hanson & Co. was shut  
down for repairs, which, when com-  
pleted, so changed the place that it  
would not have been recognized as the  
same. A new engine, new and im-  
proved machinery, extensive additions  
to building, tramways and side-tracks,  
which are to be used for furnishing the  
new church, when completed.

The following committees have been  
appointed, and if any are unable to  
serve, it is hoped they will notify the  
officers of the society, that their places  
may be supplied.

For decorating and arranging hall:  
Rev. and Mrs. Edgecumbe, Dr. and  
Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs.  
Masters, Mrs. Connine, Mrs. Brown,  
Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Swarthout.

For Refreshments: Mr. and Mrs.  
Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Brink, Mr. and  
Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, Mr.  
and Mrs. Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. Bab-  
bitt, Mr. and Mrs. Havens, Mr. and  
Mrs. Hartwick.

For Selling: Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Mc-  
Kinley, Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Masters,  
Misses Parker, Jordan, Gaughan,  
Seales, Rasmussen, Vena Jones, Tel e  
Hanson, Allie Harder.

#### LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining uncalled for in the Post  
Office at Grayling, Mich., for the  
month ending Nov. 30, 1882:

Dunn, Maurice  
Dupont, Mon. Ignace  
Ellis, Mr. John  
Edward, Mr. Joseph  
Eusen, Jusoline  
Foss, Mr. A.  
Porter, Mr. Euclid  
Foy, Mr. Eli  
Graham, Samuel W.  
Gordon, William  
Myers, Christ  
McGinnis, Sarah  
McCandlish, John E.  
Richard, Mr. Joseph  
Reed, Jas.  
Roy, Miss Jennie  
Tromley, Mons. Joseph  
Wisner, Wm. Esq.

Persons calling for the above please  
say "advised."

W.M. A. MASTERS, P. M.

#### NOTICE

Is hereby given to the tax-payers of  
the township of Maple Forest, that I  
will be at my residence every Friday  
after the first of December, 1882, for  
the purpose of receiving the taxes of  
said township.

JEREMIAH SHERMAN,  
MAPLE FOREST, Nov. 25, 1882.

#### HOMES IN MICHIGAN.

It is during the winter months that  
plans for new homes are generally dis-  
cussed, especially among the farming  
population, and this is an especially  
suitable time, therefore, to call the at-

tention of readers of this paper to the  
fact that the pamphlet upon "Michigan  
and its Resources," published by  
authority of the State, and containing  
an excellent map, together with a large  
fund of information concerning its re-  
markable resources and its unoccupied  
lands, will be sent free of charge to  
any address on application to the  
Commissioner of Immigration, Detroit.

An epitome of this pamphlet has been  
printed in the German and Holland  
languages. Residents of Michigan  
having friends in other States or coun-  
tries who are contemplating a change  
of residence may render them valuable  
service by sending their address to  
the commissioner.

On Michigan avenue, Mr. Wm. A.  
Masters, who presides over the U. S.  
mail, has erected an elegant store 23x  
45 feet, two stories. The first floor is  
occupied in part by J. C. Silsbee, gen-  
eral grocer, and the balance by Mr.  
Masters with the post office and a stock  
of books, stationery and fancy goods.

Salling, Hanson & Co. have added  
22x75 feet to their salesroom, and the  
store occupied by Dr. N. H. Traver  
with drugs, medicines, furniture, etc.,  
has been lengthened 30 feet and the  
front part is now being thoroughly  
overhauled and will soon exhibit a  
modern style of neatness and conven-  
ience.

Mr. G. B. Sanderson has erected a  
boarding-house on North Cedar street,  
which has been crowded since its open-  
ing, though it covers over 1,200 square  
feet on the ground and is two stories in  
height.

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Masters with the post office and a stock  
of books, stationery and fancy goods.

That new Encyclopedia, for sale at  
the Post Office, would make a grand  
Christmas gift.

Congress has convened. We shall  
give a synopsis of the President's mes-  
sage in our next issue.

It would make your wife happy to  
receive one of those sewing machines  
for sale cheap at the Post Office.

M. J. Connine has been appointed  
Circuit Court Commissioner by the  
Governor, for the balance of the year.

As the planing mill will shut down  
for the Holidays, all who want grain  
ground for the next month, must bring  
it by the 22, inst.

The Ladies' Aid Society will meet at  
the residence of A. J. Rose on Friday.  
The ladies are requested to be on hand  
at 10 o'clock a. m., as there will be no  
evening meeting on account of the enter-  
tainment at the opera house.

James W. Harvey, a magician unex-  
celled, will be at the opera house this  
(Thursday) evening with one of his  
unique performances, which is well  
worthy the attendance of all. He will  
prove to you that motion is quicker  
than sight, and will give you a pleas-  
ing entertainment. Mr. Harvey comes  
to us fully endorsed by the press of the

State as a gentleman and master of  
his profession.

The veteran R. S. Babbitt, on Nor-  
way street, with plenty of help, repairs  
the grandfather and child chairs at

the price of \$10.00.

\$1.00 1882-3. \$1.00

THE TOLEDO

WEEKLY BLADE.

(NASHY'S PAPER.)

NEW TERMS:

One Dollar Per Year.

The Largest, Best, and Cheapest  
Weekly in the World.

With the advent of new perfecting  
printing machinery into our business,  
we are encouraged to believe we can  
successfully carry out a long cherished  
desire to furnish the Weekly Blade di-  
rect to subscribers, postage paid, for the  
very low price of \$1 per year. While  
a "dollar weekly" is no new thing, it  
has never before been attempted by  
any publisher in this country to furnish  
so large and so good a paper as  
the Weekly Blade for \$1 per year. Conse-  
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